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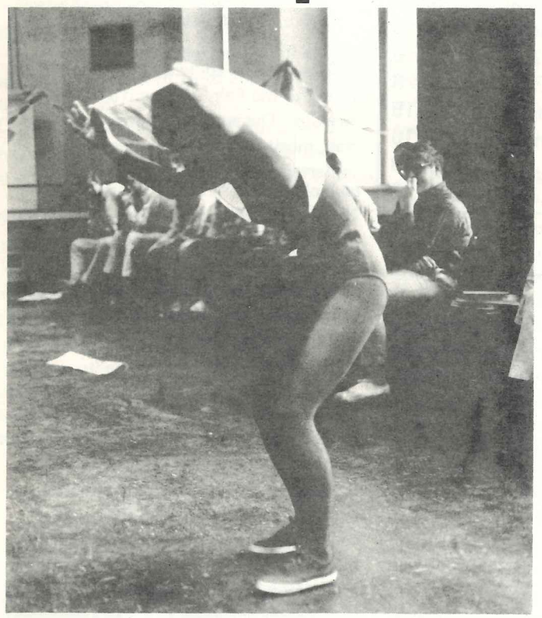
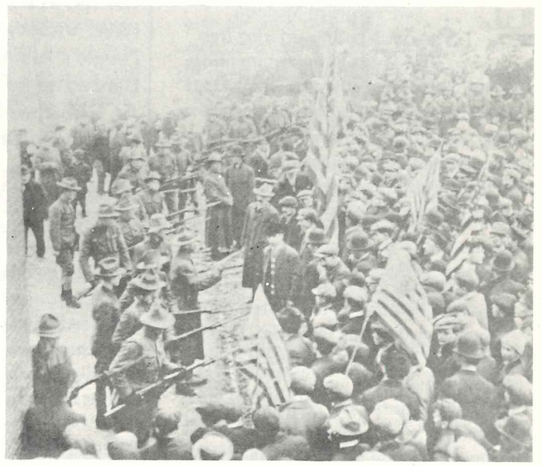
dance&politics



iww strike 1912



bridal fair

Also:

Real Estate Discrimination
Publications: What's Left
An Irish Revolutionary
People's Almanac
Whiggy (Comix) Letters Etc.

WITCHES at the BRIDAL FAIR

by Diane Dexter and Polly Gassler

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The Bridal Fair was New York corporate enterprise's Valentine to American womanhood; it was a comic valentine.

On February 15th, businesses with an interest in marriage-as-consumption lined the Irving R. Felt Forum of Madison Square Garden with booths offering free samples of their wares to the future brides. In order to get these gifts, the women had to fill out a long application for admittance, stating such things as the name of their fiancé, the number of appliances they already had, their preference in decor and the style of their mother-in-law's dress for the wedding.

When Women's Liberation in New Haven heard of the Fair and of the protest demonstration planned by the WITCHes, (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell), we thought it would be too good to miss, an opportunity to "confront the Whore-makers" – the sponsors of the Fair, including the Chase Manhattan Bank, Bride's Magazine, Radio WMCA's "Good Guys," Northeast Airlines, Aeronaves de Mexico, Bahamas Tourism, and Ramal-Vincent Orchestras. It was also an opportunity to meet some of the women from another city involved in women's liberation and to examine their tactics.

Here Comes the Bride

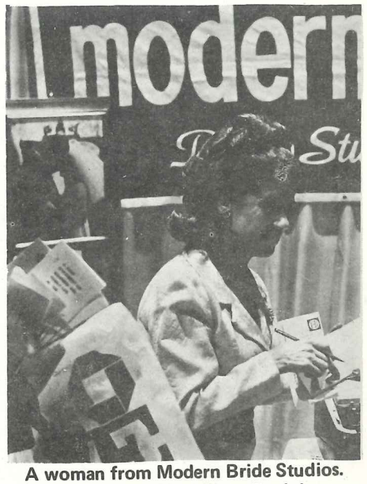
The WITCHes staged a very well-planned demonstration into which seven of us from the New Haven group insinuated ourselves without really knowing what was planned. While the women who had come to attend the Fair waited in the cold for the doors of the Forum to open, they were entertained (?) by the WITCHes' guerrilla theater skits, which tried to convey the notion that business exploits and manipulates the institution of marriage for its own profit. As long as we were outside the Fair, it was difficult to assess whether in fact the women in line did understand the message. Some of the slogans in the skits and on the leaflets – "You have a fiend at Chase Manhattan," "Make love, not whores," "Here comes the slave, off to her grave" – were clever, but easily misinterpreted.

The In Crowd

When all the applicants had been admitted to the Fair, we found a way to sneak in. The auditorium was unexpectedly drab, mostly empty floor space where the "entertainment" part of the Fair was to take place. But behind this area were the 15 to 20 booths, where the women crowded and jostled each other, frantically trying to turn in their raffle tickets for the free prizes of the sponsors: a honeymoon trip to the Bahamas, coffee pots from the International Coffee Co., a trip to Florida from Northeast Airlines.

Through the crowd circulated several dapper-looking men, ready to help the women turn in their coupons and making them feel welcome with smiles and flirtatious remarks. The businesses did their best to create the illusion that the prospective brides were getting something for nothing – free coffee, "freshly brewed by a new and unique process" or made from freeze-dried Maxim; plastic shopping bags asserting that "LOVE starts at the Chase Manhattan Bank;" free trips, (two for the 3000 women present); free entertainment, (a fashion show), and free advice, (a panel discussion).

Girls mob the Bridal Fair boothes to turn in raffle tickets and win honeymoon vacations



A woman from Modern Bride Studios. Note the Chase Manhattan Bank love shopping bag in foreground.

To Keep Her in Style

The whole Fair was, in fact, expensive to the sponsors. But this expense was well worth it, for as Brides' Showcase International's press kit stated:
– The average bride spends over $3000 to furnish her new home and $500 for apparel.
– Brides spend an estimated $5 billion annually.
– Each year brides outspend the other "big spenders" (girls from 19 to 25) by more than 14 to one.
– Wedding dresses alone are estimated to have a $50 million market potential and the trousseau market is roughly $162 million.

There was obviously a catch to this getting-something-for-nothing atmosphere. Just in case the women were anxious about being able to afford "those little extras that run into money," a batch of psychedelic posters placed around the Forum soothed them with the words, "For the best things in life that aren't free, start a savings account with your friend at Chase Manhattan!"

And She'll Purr Like a Kitten

Then the panel of experts was introduced – four men and one woman – who recited speeches and answered written questions from the audience.

The woman, Barbara Donovan from Brides' Magazine, emphasized that the modern woman is required to work and to fill the role of lover, helpmate, mother, and friend to her husband, as well as a gourmet cook and a community worker. In the question period she told us what was the "very nicest thing to do" with the bridesmaids, in-laws, maids, matrons-of-honor, and ushers, etc.

The male clergyman spoke of the need for "communication" between husband and wife, but gave the impression that this began only after the wedding; he advised the women not to have children for a year or two so that "you can get to know one another."

The lights were dimmed when the gynecologist spoke. He seemed to welcome the sexual revolution, the lifting of old taboos, but when he was questioned for details, he gave hesitant, somewhat embarrassed answers: The best method for birth control? – abstinence; when to see a doctor about birth control? – be sure to develop a continuing relationship with your doctor; the best manual on sex? – the **Bible**!

A man from Sachs Quality Furniture admitted that while most of us would initially be living in apartments smaller than we might wish, certain "sets" of furniture were nevertheless essentials. We were told to remember that furniture is an investment for life. Although he didn't want to prescribe color schemes or periods of style, he responded to a question about using different colors throughout a house or apartment by saying, that while the bedroom should reflect the woman's taste, and so should be in pastel shades, the rest of the house could be in different colors.

A Vice-president of Chase Manhattan stated that since two can't live as cheaply as one, we should plan to open bank accounts, and he particularly recommended the automatic savings plan that forces one to save and eliminates the need to deal with the bank personally. He also encouraged us to take out credit loans to buy all the things we were being told we needed.

None, They Say, Have I

Just before introducing the panel the master of ceremonies asked the audience not to be disturbed by the demonstrators outside – and suggested thay were probably anti-marriage because they had never been proposed to. The audience cheered.

At various times before and during the panel discussion small groups of WITCHes tried to disrupt the Fair. They were violently ejected by the hoards of guards on patrol. During these disturbances, we overheard some of the comments of women seated around us. They were angered and felt threatened by the demonstrators: "They

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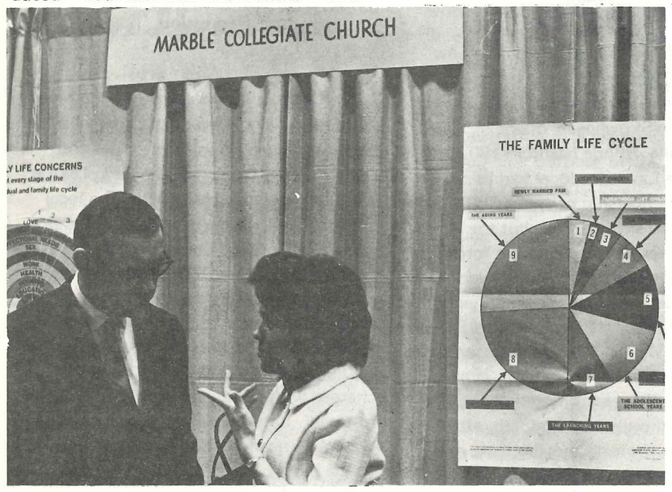
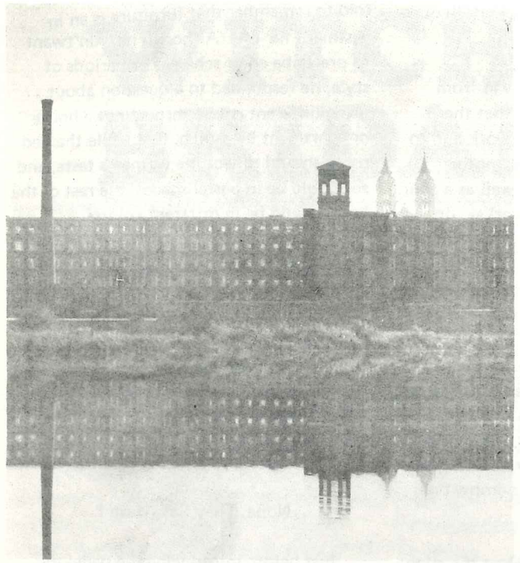


At the Marble Collegiate Church, the family life cycle is divided into pie wedges, while life concerns are in concentric circles.

Chase Manhattan states its philosophy of love and life



"The most violent thing the workers can do is to take their hands from the machinery." Bill Haywood.

Strikers' Children at Lawrence, Mass. during IWW strike, 1912.

IWW: VICTORY AT LAWRENCE

by Bob Cook

Lawrence, Massachusetts was created by capitalists to make money. In the 1840's the Lawrence brothers of Boston invested $100,000 in the building of a new city on the Merrimac River. A dam across the river was to supply power for textile mills; human beings would supply the labor. At first the workers were native Americans, and later, immigrants from all over Europe. Many were attracted by posters showing a worker leaving a Lawrence mill with a bag of gold.

By 1912, Lawrence was the "worsted center of the world." The workers were making $5 to $8 a week for 56 hours work. There were 32,000 workers, almost half of them women, and one in ten under 18. Half of the children in Lawrence between 14 and 18 worked in the mills.

The mill owners lived differently. Bill Haywood told of the President of Duck Mills: "Mr. Turner is a man of many wives and some wards. He married the last ward after he got rid of his wives. She lived in Brooklyn. They took a honeymoon to Chicago. They had a parlor train. Two Pullman cars were reserved for the bride's dogs. When those two carloads of dogs arrived in Chicago with their mistress, they were taken to a fashionable hotel, registered, assigned to private rooms and were fed on the choicest cuts of meat: porterhouse steak."

Strike

The IWW had been organizing in Lawrence since 1906 as well as in other centers of the textile industry. (They led and won strikes in Skowhegan, Maine in 1906, and Mapleville, Rhode Island in 1907.) By 1910 the Lawrence local had its own hall and a membership of about 300. They had led several small strikes, but the explosion came after mill owners were forced by a new state law to reduce the work week from 56 to 54 hours. While complying with the law, they also cut the weekly pay. On January 11, 1912, a few thousand workers began the strike. On Friday, January 12—payday—thousands more left their machines and went on a rampage, attacking looms, cloth, motors; moving from mill to mill and calling out other workers. By January 13 over 20,000 workers were out.

The strike lasted until March 13, brought the IWW to international prominence, and led to a wave of successful strikes and organizing drives throughout New England. This was a new kind of strike, with mass mobilization and a revolutionary philosophy. No wonder the owners tried so hard to crush it.

Repression

The state militia was brought in. Many militiamen were Harvard students who had been given exemption from exams and classes. John Golden of the AFL Textile Workers denounced the IWW. The local bourgeoisie was organized around the slogan "For God and Country! The Stars and Stripes forever! The red flag never!" and encouraged to wear little American flags. On January 20 dynamite was found in Lawrence, and the IWW was implicated. Soon, however, a local undertaker was charged with a plot, fined only $500 and released! Later, President Wood of the great American Woolen Company was linked to the plot.

Joseph Ettor of the IWW had come to lead the strike; he was joined by his friend, Arturo Giovannitti, editor of the Italian Socialist Federation's **Il Proletario**, who organized strike relief. On January 30 these men and one Joseph Caruso were arrested, charged with being accessories to the murder of a woman striker shot the day before in a scuffle with police. *They had been three miles away at the time of the scuffle.* The three were held without bail until their trial began in late September. For two months they sat in metal cages in the courtroom in Salem, home of the witch trials. They were finally acquitted. (See the adjoining statements made by the two men at their trial.)

Harassment of the strikers continued. A fifteen-year-old boy was bayonetted in the back. Then, on February 24, police and militia attacked women and children at the railroad station, where the children were being put on trains to be sent to stay with friendly families in other cities. The resulting public outcry led to a Congressional investigation and probably forced the mill owners to settle much sooner than they might have otherwise. (See box for the details of the strike settlement.)

Organization

The union's high level of organization and worker solidarity were in large part responsible for the strike's eventual success. The strike was organized on a principle of revolutionary cooperation. The 15 largest nationalities had four representatives each on a strike committee of 60; and each nationality had one representative on special sub-committees for relief, publicity, and so on. Every committee member had a trained substitute to take his place in case of arrest or illness.

Daily decisions of the general committee were ratified by meetings of nationality groups and mass meetings for all strikers on Saturday and Sunday. Meetings for women and children were also held to deal with their special problems. Food and medical care was provided for all strikers. The spirit was one of euphoria. Songs were sung at all union meetings; the favorite was the "Internationale." Women carried signs saying "WE WANT BREAD AND ROSES TOO," while the IWW preached of the new society to be created out of the ashes of capitalism.

First Ettor and Giovannitti and then—after their arrest—Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and other Wobbly organizers turned the strike into a political classroom. Here is the comment in a conservative

Continued next page

STRIKE SETTLEMENT

The strikers secured the following settlement from the American Woolen Co. and much the same settlement from other mills:

Time and one-quarter for overtime.
All people on job work, 5 per cent increase flat.
All those receiving less than 9½ c per hour, an increase of 2 c per hour.
All those receiving between 9½ and 10 c an hour, an increase of 1¾ c per hour.
All those receiving between 10 and 11 c per hour, an increase of 1½c per hour.
All those receiving between 11 and 12 c per hour, an increase of 1¼ c per hour.
All those receiving between 12 and 20 c per hour, an increase of 1 c per hour.
No discrimination to be shown to anyone.
Premiums to be given out every two weeks instead of every four, as heretofore.

people's almanac

March 17, 1169—St. Patrick's Day. Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland is resisted. Beginning of 800-yr. long national liberation struggle of Irish people against genocidal imperialism.

March 17, 1776—British troops evacuate Boston after attacks by American Revolutionaries.

March 18, 1871—The Paris Commune was established as an attempt of the French working class to create a "communist" France.

March 19, 1954—The books of Wilhelm Reich, radical psychoanalyst, were confiscated and burned by the U.S. government under the pretext of executing mail fraud laws. Reich, already jailed, later died in U.S. Federal prison.

March 21, 1965—Students for a Democratic Society and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee held a sit-in at the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York demanding that Chase withdraw a huge loan to the Republic of South Africa. The loan was granted to South Africa during the crises that followed the murdering of South African blacks peacefully demonstrating in Sharpesville, South Africa. The purpose of the loan was to bring stability to South Africa so that American investments would not be endangered.

March, 1851—The American Workingman's Alliance, the first Marxist organization in the United States, was organized.

March 22, 1968—Revolution broke out in France with the founding of the March 22 Movement. Student demonstrations for reformist demands linked with worker's dissatisfaction to spark the largest general strike in European history.

March 25, 1894—J.S. Coxey led columns of unemployed out of Massillon, Ohio, to join with 24 other columns in Washington, D.C. Over one thousand members of Coxey's Army came to demand a public works program for the unemployed.

March, 1911—One hundred and forty-six workers, mostly women, died as the Triangle Waist Company, a notorious sweat shop, burned to the ground.

March, 1931—Nine black youths were seized near Scottsboro, Alabama, and framed on charges of "rape". Their defense, begun by the International Labor Defense, aroused millions and resulted in eventual freedom for all nine.

magazine, **Outlook**:

Haywood does not want unions of weavers, unions of spinners, unions of loom-fixers, unions of wool-sorters, but he wants one comprehensive union of all textile workers, which in time will take over the textile factories, as the steel workers will take over the steel mills and the railway workers the railways. Haywood interprets the class conflict literally as a war which is always on, which becomes daily more bitter and uncompromising, which can end only with the conquest of capitalistic society by proletarians or wage workers, organized industry by industry.

Haywood places no trust in trade agreements, which, according to his theory, lead merely to social peace and "put the workers to sleep." Let the employer lock out his men when he pleases, and let the workmen strike when they please. He is opposed to arbitration, conciliation, compromise; to sliding scales, profit sharing, welfare work; to everything, in short, which may weaken the revolutionary force of the workers. He does not ask for the closed shop or the official recognition of the union, for he has no intention of recognizing the employer. What he desires is not a treaty of industrial peace between the two high contracting parties, but merely the creation of a proletarian impluse which will eventually revolutionize society. Haywood is a man who believes in men, not as you and I believe in them, but fervently, uncompromisingly, with an obstinate faith in the universal goodwill and constancy of the workers worthy of a great religious leader. That is what makes him supremely dangerous.

William Allen White was even closer to the truth than he realized when he wrote at the time: "The strikers are foreigners, but many of them at their mass meetings, in their homes and in their gatherings upon the streets, reflected to me at least a better Americanism, a clearer vision of what America stands for than did many of those who sneered at them."

Aftermath

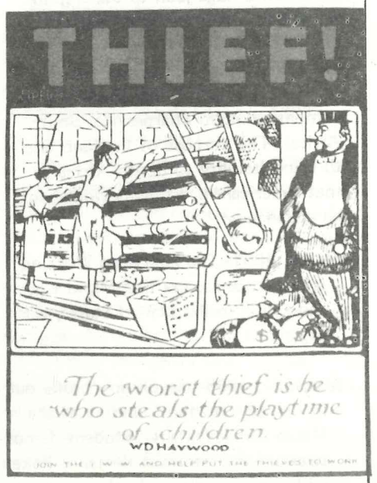
The Lawrence Strike set the tone for a wave of strikes that hit the textile industry, while Lawrence itself was forever removed from the list of "anti-union" towns.

But the IWW was unable to keep the more than 10,000 members it had attracted during the strike. A year after the strike membership had dropped to about 700. Part of the trouble was caused by internal problems, part by the departure of Wobbly organizers, who left to organize strikes in other towns and factories. But there was also systematic blacklisting of IWW agitators by employers and continuing anti-red and pro-American campaigns by the businessmen.

Union solidarity was also weakened when Italian anarchists, marching in a parade on the opening day of Ettor and Giovannitti's trial, displayed a large banner reading, "No God, No Master," thus challenging the religious sensibilities of many of the workers. As was often the case, Wobbly leaders claimed that this was the action of provocateurs; but the damage was done.

Finally, there was the real difficulty of dealing with the day to day problems in the shop, trying to make small gains when the only real answer was, as Haywood said, to take over the shop. That problem continued to plague the IWW, and it plagues us today.

Note: This is one in a series of introductory articles on the IWW. The first, on Bill Haywood, appeared in the AIM **Newsletter**, Feb. 14, 1969. Others will describe the free speech fights, the Paterson strike, IWW thought and structure, and governmental repression.



GIOVANNITTI SPEAKS

Excerpts from the address of the defendant Giovannitti to the jury

It is the first time in my life that I speak publicly in your wonderful language, and it is the most solemn moment in my life.

It may be that we are dreamers. It may be that we are fanatics, Mr. District Attorney. We are fanatics. But yet so was Socrates a fanatic, who instead of acknowledging the philosophy of the aristocrats of Athens, preferred to drink the poison. And so was Jesus Christ a fanatic, who instead of acknowledging that Pilate, or that Tiberius was emperor of Rome, and instead of acknowledging his submission to all the rulers of the time and all the priestcraft of the time, preferred the cross between two thieves.

And so were all the philosophers and all the dreamers and all the scholars of the Middle Ages, who preferred to be burned alive by one of these very same churches concerning which you reproach me now of having said that no one of our membership should belong to them.

I ask the District Attorney, who speaks about the New England tradition, what he means by that – if he means the New England traditions of this same town where they used to burn the witches at the stake, or if he means the New England traditions of those men who refused to be any longer under the iron heel of the British aristocracy and dumped the tea into Boston Harbor and fired the first muskets that were announcing to the world for the first time that a new theory, a new craft, no more monarchy, no more kingship would be allowed; but a new people, a new theory, a new principle, a new brotherhood would arise out of the ruin and the wreckage of the past.

I say you cannot be half free and half slave, and economically all the working class in the United States are as much slaves now as the Negroes were forty and fifty years ago; because the man that owns the tool wherewith another man works, the man that owns the house where this man lives, the man that owns the factory where this man wants to go to work – that man owns and controls the bread that that man eats and therefore owns and controls his mind, his body, his heart and his soul.

But I say and I repeat, that we have been working in something that is dearer to us than our lives and our liberty. We have been working in what are our ideas, our ideals, our aspirations, our hopes – you may say our religion, gentlemen of the jury....

But I say, whether you want it or not, we are now the heralds of a new civilization. We have come here to proclaim a new truth. We are the apostles of a new evangel, of a new gospel, which is now at this very same moment being proclaimed and heralded from one side of the earth to the other.

We are young, I am twenty-nine years old – not quite, yet. I have a woman that loves me and that I love. I have a mother and father that are waiting for me. I have an ideal that is dearer to me than can be expressed or understood. And life has so many allurements and it is so nice and so bright and so wonderful that I feel the passion of living in my heart and I do want to live.

I don't want to pose to you as a hero. I don't want to pose to you as a martyr. No, life is dearer to me than it is probably to a good many others. But I say this, that there is something dearer and nobler and holier and grander, something I could never come to terms with, and that is my conscience and that is my loyalty to my class and to my comrades who have come here in this room, and to the working class of the world.

ETTOR SPEAKS

Excerpts from Joseph Ettor's testimony to the jury in the Salem trial.

Gentlemen, since my views in my organization have been brought into this argument, I want to state further that whatever my social views are, as I stated before, they are what they are. They cannot be tried in this courtroom. It has been tried before. Away back thousands of years the trick was tried that man's views could be brought into a courtroom or brought before the king or brought before somebody in authority and that judgment could be passed. And in those days they said, "The only way we can settle these new ideas is, first, send them to the cross;" then, "Send them to the gallows," then to the guillotine, and to the rope.

And I want to know, does Mr. Attwill believe for a moment that, beginning with Spartacus, whose men were crucified for miles along the appian Way, and following with Christ, who was adjudged an enemy of the Roman social order, and put on the cross – does he believe for a moment that the cross or the gallows or the guillotine, the hangman's noose, ever settled an idea? It never did.

If the idea can live it lives, because history adjudges it right. And what has been considered an idea constituting a social crime in one age, has in the next age become the very religion of humanity. The social criminals of one age have become the saints of the next.

The District Attorney talks to you about Massachusetts. Sixty years ago, gentlemen – seventy years ago – the respectable mob – not the mob in the mills, but the respectable mob, the well dressed mob – dragged the propagandists and the agents of a new social order and a new idea through the streets of Boston, and the members of that same respectable mob now – now that the ideas of Wendell Phillips have been materialized into something, now that the ideas of Garrison and the rest have been proven of value, the offspring of that social mob rises up and says, "The traditions of Massachusetts."

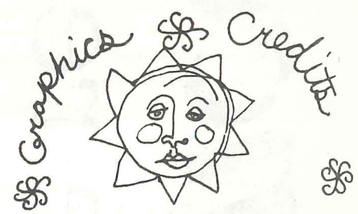
Gentlemen, the traditions of Massachusetts have been made by those who made it and not those who speak of it. John Brown was hanged and the cry went up, "A social criminal" – not even that dignity to him – just a criminal. Within two years, the youngest and the noblest, the strongest that this nation could offer, were marching through the fields of this country singing:

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

Gentlemen, I make no threat, but on the moment that we drop the flag because we have been loyal to our calls, hundreds of thousands of wage workers will pick up the flag of labor and carry it forward and cheer it on and sing its song until the flag of the working class shall wave freely and unfurled to the wind over the workshops of the world where free men and women will work and enjoy fully and without trammel the full products of their labor.

Sources: Fred Thompson, The IWW: Its First Fifty Years; Joyce Kornbluh, Rebel Voices; Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, I Speak My Own Piece; Philip Foner, History of the Labor Movement in the United States, Vol. 4; Bill Cahn, Mill Town.

Joe Ettor (left) and Arturo Giovannetti (right), arrested for being accessories to the murder of a striker by police, and for inciting to violence. Their speeches are printed above (UPI Photo).



Cover: top left.....Dave Dickson
bottom left.....Diane Dexter
top right.....Brown Brothers
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Page 16: left.....Dave Dickson
right.....John Bancroft
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dance & politics

some reflections

by Joan Stone

For the first time since the 30's, lots of new people are getting involved in the theatre—call it political theatre or guerrilla theatre—the theatre is becoming relevant again because it's being used to further the activities of the Movement. Political theatre groups that are using predominantly gestures rather than words can really be called dance groups—and, in my opinion, they are giving the dance world a new lease on life. After years of turning inward, of exploring "pure" dance ideas or personal-psychological themes for a limited and special audience, dance has the possibility of becoming a vital language for bringing important issues before whole new groups of people.

Of course, political theatre or dance groups can easily go wrong. The established theatre world is so hungry for new ideas, it's always ready, willing, and able to grab up any group with a spark of life. Pretty soon, as has already happened, the once-political group finds itself off- or off-off-Broadway in the same bag as the *avant-garde* groups, cut off from a political life-line and playing to the same audience all the time. The danger is to turn inward, to keep escalating the form (mixed media, shock tactics, etc.), to create total environments, in short, to begin seeing the theatre as the revolution. The theatre has lost and the movement has lost.

My story is perhaps unique in that I am, at one and the same time, a highly trained dancer and a committed AIM worker. My AIM project is dancing. It isn't always easy, like I still haven't figured out how to earn enough money to live on. But I tell the following anecdotes in the hope that something of the exciting possibilities inherent in an intimate relationship between art and politics will communicate. The anecdotes describe a dialectic between performer and audience: I dance, the audience reacts, we discuss my dance and their reactions—I change, they change (hopefully), and my dances change. In this way, the making of dances becomes a social as well as an individual process. I also hope that my experiences as a dancer with AIM will encourage more dancers to join the Movement and more people in the Movement, who are inclined toward theatre or dance, to do their thing.

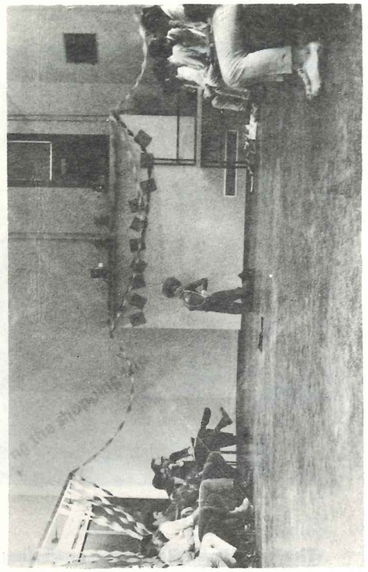
* * * *

At my first performance as a political dancer, Bob Cook gave me a red rose. That gesture which would have been so meaningless on the stage at Lincoln Center was terribly significant in the basement of the old Mishkan Israel. I hadn't composed or performed in several years and would probably never have come back to dancing if it hadn't been for AIM. But our activities and relationships as a group convinced me that there were things worth dancing about and people worth dancing for.

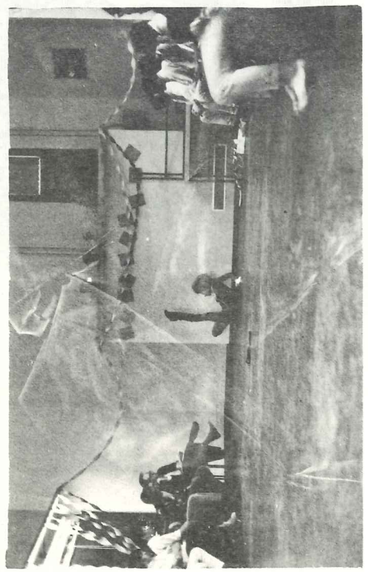
In the past two years, I've composed four pieces: **Pictures at an Exhibition**, a duet for dancer and non-dancer; and three solos—**When the landlord left...**, **The New Haven Register**, and **Downtown**. I've pretty much discarded the duet as too unspecific in content and too dancerish in form. It taught me a great deal and gave me the confidence as a choreographer and performer to pursue more "radical" ideas. I've moved on to pieces about urban renewal, newspapers, and women going shopping—always looking at these issues from my own understanding and experiences as an AIM person in New Haven.

I've also made one attempt at street theatre. As part of the activities in New Haven prior to the April 15th (1967) Mobilization, I persuaded eight AIM people to work with me on a 15-minute choreographed collage of anti-war songs, poems, and short speeches. After many letters and trips to the Police Department and the Department of Traffic and Parking, we finally got permits to appear on the New Haven Green, in a parking lot way behind Hillhouse High School, in two parks frequented only by insects and birds, and the Yale campus.

We tried to get a flat-bed truck but at the last minute Avis told us the only one they had was unavailable because of a broken clutch. They changed their minds about the broken clutch after a phone call to the state manager, but we had already decided to perform on the sidewalk—since the Department of Traffic and Parking told us we couldn't stop the truck anywhere without an "obstruction" permit, which they didn't think we could get,



Downtown: modelling the new possessions



because "all the streets in New Haven are highways" and you have to have a good reason to obstruct a highway. We also realized that being on the sidewalk had the advantage of forcing closer contact between performers and spectators. We painted about two dozen coffee cans bright red, filled them with rocks, and set them up wherever we went to define a rectangular playing area.

Our most successful performances were on the Yale campus, where lots of people gathered to watch, understood, and responded to what we were doing. We also attracted pretty good crowds in the Hill neighborhood, but being an all-white cast, our effectiveness with the black and Puerto Rican audiences was bound to be limited. On the New Haven Green, we had one good performance for Movement supporters. At the other performance, we thought we had gathered a real grass-roots audience only to discover some months later that most of the grass-roots were local, state, or federal agents. At Hillhouse High School, only those previously informed of our coming and a group of hecklers found us in a distant parking lot. The performance was a nightmare, but the conversation following it was quite valuable for us and the audience.

We gave one performance in a renewed neighborhood where, after much singing, dancing, and knocking on doors, we managed to collect six children, three dogs, one mother, and a motorcycle cop. Obviously, low densities which prevail throughout most of New Haven, especially since urban renewal, pose an enormous problem for street theatre. Probably the only places to perform, other than the Yale campus, are downtown or at the shopping centers. We called the shopping centers to see how they would react to our coming. Predictably they told us that shopping centers were strictly for shoppers and shopping. I think that's since been challenged legally, and a group could go there now if they had flamboyant enough theatrical techniques to make themselves audible and visible.

All in all, the difficulties of street theatre in New Haven seemed to outweigh the advantages and I decided, at least for the time being, that I could be more effective as a solo dancer indoors.

I've performed for all different kinds of audiences in all different kinds of spaces. People have laughed, nodded in agreement, walked out, had discussions (during and after the performance), applauded, crumpled their programs, turned their backs on me, asked for encores... Because I don't perform on the proscenium but on the same level and right up close to the people watching, I've been able to observe, react to, and learn from my audiences.

I always try out my new pieces on AIM people (though in one place where I composed, there were two maintenence men who were a very good index of whether or not I was on the right track; if they stopped their work to watch, I knew I had something interesting going). AIM audiences, because most of the people know me and know each other and know the issues I'm dancing about, react loudly and openly. Even before the discussion period, I can tell what people think of the piece. Specific questions and comments force me to rethink and sometimes change pieces quite extensively.

For example, a question came up at an AIM performance concerning my protrayal of a "landlord" and a "policeman" in **When the landlord left....** Those two characters were in fact the most difficult to compose. They kept coming out very one-dimensional: the landlord was the embodiment of greed; the policeman, the embodiment of brutality. What finally gave me the clue to changing these two characters were the experiences of two AIM people. One was developing a very good relationship with a landlord in the Hill, who turned out to have quite a bit of sympathy with people who were being exploited and quite a bit of understanding of their position and his position and the need for some changes. The other wrote an article on the police in the AIM Newsletter, which brought a request for thirty copies from the New Haven police chief. I revised my character in accordance with his article and have begun to get nods of agreement from people who would have walked out on the earlier version of the policeman.

* * * *

I've had people walk out on me a few times during a piece called **When the landlord left, I did the only thing a poor man can do—I walked around the room and scratched my head.** It's based on a story told by a member of the Hill Parents Association about a day in his life when he was sick and trying to rest. A policeman barged in on him—a housing inspector came to look around—a poverty worker came to interview him—a student came to collect material for a sociology paper—at the end of the day, the landlord came and told the man that the building had been sold to the Redevelopment Agency and he'd have to move. That's when he made the comment that I've used as the title of the piece.

At the Senior Center in the Hill, several people walked out when the "policeman" (early version) started attacking the chair (representing the man). At Mishkan Israel, one of the two largest Jewish congregations in the New Haven area, several people left when the "liberal" entered in the dark and started dragging the chair around the room.

At first I didn't mind when people walked out—I was pleased that I had provoked them to that extent—at least the audiences at my performances weren't sitting there passively or going to sleep or leaving out of boredom. I've since decided, as has AIM, that I have to try and reach everyone and not have them walk out if I can help it. My mistake at the Senior Center was an uncompromising portrait of a policeman—that's been corrected. My mistake with the women at Mishkan Israel was to rely on a printed program: I didn't try to explain what I was doing as a dancer—how it might differ from their previous experiences at dance performances—they were hit cold with a radical theatrical experience and a radical critique of urban renewal.

For some of them, it was too much—they crumpled their programs, turned their backs on me, argued "it's not like that," walked out. For others, the shock did what I hoped it would do—they made comments like "we didn't understand the characters you were portraying; that's not your fault, it's ours"—or—a week after the performance, a woman called to say she couldn't stop thinking about the dance; she thanked me for presenting things she had never thought about before.

Your dancing was something different. It was like a play. I really learned something.
—Student at Central Conn. State College

* * * *

I understood just what you were trying to do—I've never understood dancing before.
—Student at Sacred Heart Academy

* * * *

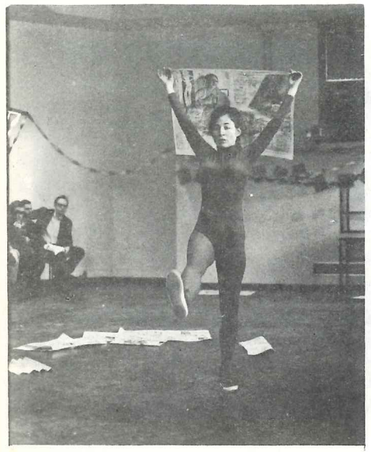
You didn't use any words but I understood the conversation. The policeman's comments were sharp and terse whereas the poverty worker went on and on.
—Cook Campaign Worker

* * * *

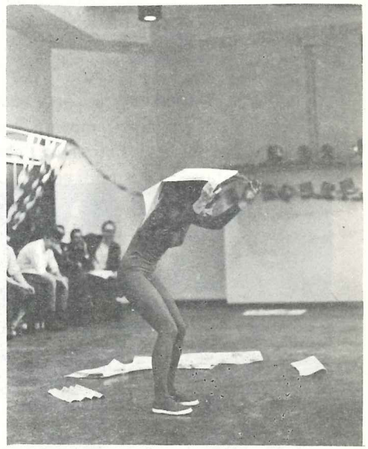
I didn't realize you could make dances out of ordinary human gestures—I could really understand what you were doing... I was thinking about Rembrandt—the difference between an early painting of Christ and a late painting—in the late painting Christ was just a man.
—AIM Person

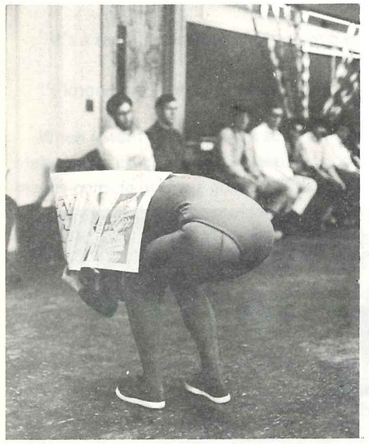
I was very excited about this comment because I've been moving away from the use of formal dance vocabularies toward the use of heightened human gestures. Rembrandt has been one of my mentors.

I was also very flattered when people told me my dancing was "Chaplinesque" and "Brechtian." Like other people trying to do political theatre, I've turned to Chaplin and Brecht and Woody Guthrie for enjoyment, encouragement, and guidelines. The writings



The New Haven Register: contrasting the newspaper's flimsiness with its crushing power.





of Christopher Caudwell (**Studies in a Dying Culture**) and John Berger (particularly **Success and Failure of Picasso**) have also been important in furthering my understanding of the relationship between art and politics.

* * * *

I'm a social worker (big grin) and your poverty worker was so clear—so right—I wish the whole Welfare Department could see your piece.
—At Central Conn. State College

* * * *

I don't agree with your characterization of the poverty worker. I have friends who are working for the poverty program. They're trying—they're doing the best they can.
—Student at Columbia Liberation School

I tried to explain that he had confused the individuals he knew with the role they were forced to play. In my dance, I was trying to portray the role a poverty worker would play in a given situation. He couldn't understand. He kept referring to his friends.

* * * *

My daughter's in New York studying dancing. If only she could see you dance, she might understand what she could do right here.
—A New Haven mother

* * * *

One high school student that saw me dance was on the verge of dropping out of politics. He thought of it as square—somehow emotionally inadequate. He's changed his mind—and I think, from our discussions, that my dance pieces, being a mixture of art and politics, played some role in his decision.

* * * *

The following are comments from students at Amity High School:

Why did the policeman keep turning his back?

Why did the student pick up the chair?

Why did the housing inspector turn out the lights?

Why didn't you show the man's reaction to each character? (I may use that structure for a future piece.)

How would you portray a radical? (I'm still trying to answer that question.)

How can you use the New York Times and the New Haven Register interchangeably? Are you saying one is just more sophisticated than the other but they're basically the same thing? (Pause) Well, I guess you're right.

High school students are very acute observers. They question all the major ideas and theatrical decisions of a piece—sometimes the minor ideas and decisions, as well. If I don't get specific, pointed questions, I know there's something wrong with the piece.

* * * *

Do you ever present the other point of view?
(No.)
Are there other dancers who present the other point of view?
(I smiled and kept my cool.)

Part of an exhcange with an administrator at Amity High School who was extremely agitated when I appeared for a second performance. The first was for about 25 students; the second, for more than 80. Each time I've come at the invitation of students who've seen me dance elsewhere and have wanted to use my performances as a step in getting their friends to think and talk politically.

I thought high school students were a particularly silent audience until I danced for a group of Yale undergraduates. Then I realized how responsive the high school students were in their own silent way—they sat on the edge of their chairs, smiled, retreated when I came near them, repressed their laughter and chatter quite visibly. By contrast, the Yale students, with few exceptions, were like mummies. When I asked one of the more lively ones about his classmates, he said, "Oh, you mean the 'Old Blues' Class of 1970?

* * * *

I really love to dance for little kids. I feel like a clown in the circus. Whenever I get anywhere near them they start tittering and squealing and reaching out. They always find a way to participate. They supply a complete sound score for **When the landlord left...**, which is danced in silence. They discuss each character: "So sad, so sad..." "Stop hurting the man." "Is the man dead?" "Where did the puppet go?" "Eek! Help!"

One parent told me his children (aged four and five) put on a re-creation of one of my pieces a couple of weeks after seeing it. From what he told me, they remembered only the "best" characters. I wish I could have seen their performance.

* * * *

I'm writing a play about Vietnam—a whole bunch of characters confront a Vietnamese woman—it's kind of like your dance piece.

—A high school student

* * * *

Last summer, after some of the "Upward Bound" students moved into a one-room schoolhouse in the Hill, I was asked to perform for them. The teacher who invited me was a little apprehensive—they had walked out on several speakers. She wasn't sure how my pieces would go over. I decided to start with **When the landlord left...** It was based on the story of an HPA guy. Fred Harris was my imagined audience all through the time I was composing the piece. (That may be one of the reasons why the policeman came out so brutal.) I should have had more faith—the piece went over very well—the students responded to every innuendo—they were very much like an AIM audience—they even had the same favorites among the characters—they asked to see another piece—I obliged.

* * * *

Another performance that was very exciting for me was done on the spur of the moment for a group of architecture students who had walked out of an American Institute of Architects convention and set up their own counter-convention. My husband, who had been invited to speak and lead one of the seminars at the main convention, left with the students. We decided that my dance piece on urban renewal might be a good starting point for a radical critique of what's been happening to the physical environment—we were right.

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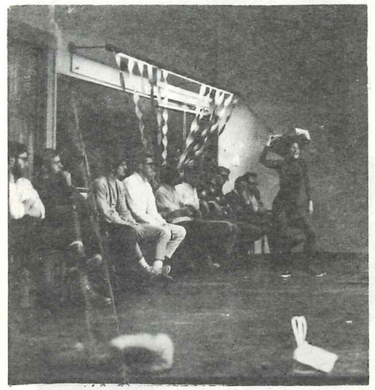


Downtown: "Things'll be great when you're downtown..."

Downtown: reliving the shopping trip

Unfortunately I don't get a chance to perform for rebellious students every day. I spend most of my time stewing over the usual problems of trying to make good dance pieces and be a good performer. For example, **Downtown** has been evolving for about eight months. It's the story of what happens when a woman goes shopping. There are images of carrying home a heavy shopping bag, fantasizing about the new possessions, reliving the shopping trip, trying on all the items only to discover the impossibility of moving with them on, taking them off with great difficulty, becoming tired and furious... The first time I did **Downtown** for an audience (a pre-AIM performance for three people), it had a certain integrity. It was about forty minutes long and I was teased about the "Antonioni timing." (In Antonioni's early movies, he wanted the action to be as sparse and deliberate as real life—he didn't mind boring his audience.) The piece didn't feel quite right, but I decided not to try changing it before performing it for an AIM general meeting on the arts. About 120 people came and I danced **Downtown** and two other pieces.

Some parts of **Downtown** got an uproarious response; others, no response. During the discussion period, one person put her finger on the weakest moment in the piece. She asked why the woman came back and picked up the clothes from which she had just freed herself. I could answer her question politically: most of us have not freed ourselves from the temptations of downtown—we keep wanting and buying things and getting angry and stopping ourselves and then we're tempted all over again. But I had not answered her question in the dance piece. In dance terms, there was no reason for the woman to come back.

Other comments were:

"The piece has some brilliant moments, but it doesn't seem to hang together."

"It was too cruel, too hard to watch."

"It's more like a poem than your other pieces."

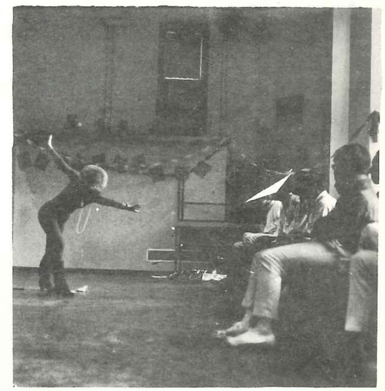
"It's a real step forward for you as a dancer."

"I know a woman who's just like that—so many moods."

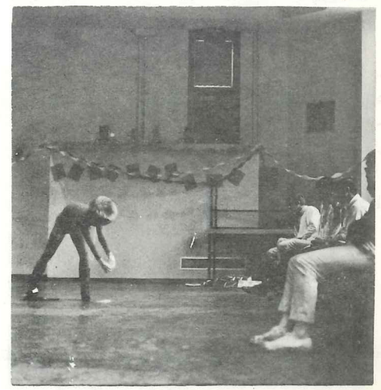
When I went back to work on the piece—trying to fix the weakest moment, trying to make it less cruel, trying to keep the good parts—the whole thing fell apart. I had a performance coming up for a group of about 25 high school students at B'nai Jacob Synagogue, and I decided the subject of **Downtown** was important enough for me to do the piece even in an unresolved, patched-up state. The students got the big message—that our relationship to material objects is bad—but the specific incidents, which would force them to make a connection between the dance and their own lives didn't read. I had to elicit comments about the piece. They talked freely about the other dance, the **New Haven Register**, and they would have had things to say about **When the landlord left...**, but the ideas in **Downtown** weren't visible enough to be challenged.

Back to the studio—this time I made major revisions before performing the piece again. Moments where I had relied on acting were changed to dance moments. I had originally intended not to have a story line but to compose the piece of bits related to the objects: boots, belt, pin, beads, hat, bracelet, gloves, pocketbook. Somewhere along the line, a story had crept in, and I realized I'd better consciously rearrange the bits to tell the story.

The next performance went much better. It was a benefit for the Children's School. About a hundred people came—including the children from the school, who began the program by reciting poems they had written. It was a hard act to follow. **Downtown** still wasn't right—the new ending didn't work—I tried giving the shopping bag full of discarded items to someone in the audience—she was insulted—"Why me?"—and other people in the audience didn't understand what I had in mind (which was giving old things away to friend or Goodwill).



Downtown: trying to run in hat, boots, etc.



One person commented that the piece looked too spread out. I was performing in a long narrow room but that wasn't the problem. I really hadn't settled the placement of the objects in space and therefore my dance pattern wasn't set spatially. Another person commented that the piece was too long. (Originally 40 minutes, it was now 20 minutes long.) Although she spoke in terms of time, I think it was the spatial rather than the time problem that bothered her.

Another person said the women on her block who came to the performance were very excited about my dancing. I asked if they had made any specific comments about **Downtown**. She couldn't think of any—indicating to me that **Downtown** still wasn't having the impact on women that it should have.

Back to the studio for another month of work—I fixed the spatial pattern and changed the ending again. I planned to stash the objects away—behind a desk or a curtain or a door. I eliminated the bracelet and the meaning of the piece wasn't altered, showing how superfluous the bracelet had become. I tightened up the first scene—getting rid of the extraneous walking and looking around. I also rehearsed the piece over and over again to sharpen up the timing.

The next performance was in a difficult space—a newly redecorated Yale classroom—for a difficult group of about 30 Yale students. I performed well and the piece felt better than at previous performances. But it still wasn't right—particularly the ending. In spite of the compositional flaws, I was glad that I had done **Downtown** instead of the more polished **When the landlord left...** I felt it was more important to confront the Yalies with the issues of women and consumption than with the issue of urban renewal. Their reactions—hostility, shrinking back, snickering, silence during the sexual bits—convinced me I had hit home.

Downtown still isn't completely resolved. I think the beginning and middle sections are set, but who knows what will happen when I go to work on a new ending—for the fourth time. This ending has more potential than the others because I have a dance idea for it.

* * * *

Probably my major problem as a dancer is the major problem of AIM and the Movement in general—finding audiences. And not just any audience—but an audience that will listen to our political ideas and join us in political action.

Since people involved directly or indirectly with AIM have set up most of my performances, they've been preceded or followed by political activity. Where I haven't been invited as an AIM person, I've felt quite dissatisfied. Even if the audience has understood and reacted favorably, I'll probably never see any of them again nor will anyone else from AIM.

A conversation with an old friend recently got me thinking about the difference between performing as a job and performing as a Movement activity. After several years of struggling to get into the theatre in New York, she went to Israel. Within two years, she learned the language, got major parts in two plays, made a film and was doing advertisements for Israeli television. "I had everything I always wanted—a lot of work—good parts—people were beginning to recognize me on the street. But one day after a good performance I sat down and asked myself what it all meant. What was I doing with my life? I felt so empty."

Since I've become a political dancer, I no longer feel empty after a performance. I usually feel inspired. My performances are confrontations with people on the issues that affect their lives. When I suggested that my friend come to an AIM meeting, she looked at me suspiciously. I understood. A few years ago, I, too, would have balked at the idea of politics playing a role in my growth as a dancer. Now I believe there's no alternative for a serious artist.

Downtown: discovering the weight of pearls

WHAT'S LEFT

by John Bancroft

the radical newsweekly

Guardian ★ EDUCATION Industrial Worker ★ ORGANIZATION

the BLACK PANTHER
BLACK COMMUNITY NEWS SERVICE
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY

the 2resistance

SDS MOVEMENT LEFT NOTES

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE

In a recent raid on the home of New Haven's local FBI man, AIM agents found nothing but AIM **Newsletters** and copies of **Ramparts** spread all over the living room. When questioned about this, the agent stated somewhat defensively that these were the only two radical publications in America. He went on to say that in keeping tabs on the Movement, the only way for him to fill in the gaps left by these two publications was to read the **New York Times, Readers Digest**, and the **Farmer's Almanac**.

He was wrong.

All over the United States there are newspapers and magazines that give a totally different—and more accurate—picture of things than does the establishment press. Some of these are exclusively political publications; others are underground hippie newspapers. In some cases, the two are combined.

The AIM **Newsletter** focuses mainly on local activities and political news of New Haven. But unless this news is compared and related to news of radical work in other parts of the country, it is meaningless. In order to encourage this kind of comparison, we begin here a regular feature presenting and reviewing radical and underground newspapers from other cities. To get the publications mentioned, you can subscribe by writing to addresses listed in our column; or you can come to the AIM office, where individual copies are available. If you can't come in feel free to call, and we'll send you a copy. We welcome contributions to this column.

1. The Guardian (published weekly in New York). The **Guardian** comes close to being a national radical newspaper. It presents news of student actions, community organizing, and revolutionary movements in other countries. It also includes analysis of aspects of the movement such as women's liberation, national marches, and the worker-student alliance. It's staff consists of regular columnists, occasional contributors, and local correspondents in many areas. While it is still weak in some ways, the **Guardian** remains a must for anyone who wants to keep tabs on the Movement in the United States and elsewhere. Subscriptions are $10 a year, $5 for Students, $1 for GIs. (197 East 4th Street, NYC) In the March 1 **Guardian**, the lead article pinpoints all universities or colleges in the country where there have been student actions in the past weeks and months. This summary is followed by a detailed look at the actions, issues, and results of the protests at Howard, Duke, Roosevelt, Berkeley, and San Francisco State.

2. The Movement (published monthly in San Francisco). This magazine was started in 1965 by SNCC. After a period of affiliation with SNCC and SDS, it became in independent publication. It now provides the best continuing analysis of the New Left in the United States. Its primary goal is to increase communication and develop strategy among full-time radical organizers. For this reason its articles are long and plain-spoken, dealing primarily with organizing issues. The **Movement** gives extensive coverage to the Black Panthers, GI organizing, labor organizing, and the student power movement. At $2.50 a year subscription cost, it is a bargain. (330 Grove Street, San Francisco.)

In the March issue of the **Movement** there is an article about The Shelter Half, a GI coffeehouse in Tacoma Washington. It talks about the way the coffeehouse got started, how the staff connects with GI's, and how the community has reacted. (15 Lafayette Street, S.F., California.)

3. The San Francisco Express Times (published weekly in San Francisco). The **Times** is both a radical political paper and an underground hippie paper; it combines the best of both worlds. In a recent issue, for example, one can find a detailed article on the San Francisco State strike and a report on the price of marijuana in the Bay area. It also covers the Panthers and free universities; and it has great comics. $6 a year, or $3 for 6 months.

4. New Left Notes (published weekly in Chicago). This is the newspaper of Students for a Democratic Society. It carries the debates, proposals, and plans of the organization. Since it functions as an internal sounding-board of the organization, it is sometimes difficult for an outsider to understand. It remains, however, a good guide to the leading radical student organization in the country. $10 a year or $1 to members. (1608 W. Madison, Chicago, Illinois.)

In the January 8th issue the main article is a critical description of the national SDS meeting in December at which the organization moved away from marches and confrontation politics and toward a more conscious class analysis.

COMING: Leviathan. This magazine will combine the efforts and staff of three New Left magazines: *VIET Report, Radicals in the Professions,* and *The Paper Tiger.* It will attempt to set out long-range strategy for the Movement. Included will be a detailed analysis of the present social and economic system and a discussion of what kinds of actions radicals should take in building a new society. $5 a year. (2700 Broadway, NYC.)

Special Attractions:

Articles by three AIM people appear in publications listed above:

Bob Cook, first issue of **Leviathan;**
Karl Klare, February 22nd **Guardian;**
John Bancroft, March **Movement.**

This 5 room apartment in Fountain Gardens is rented by a white family for $145 a month.

A 4-room apt. in this building in the Hill is rented to a black family for $145 a month.

discrimination

by Scott Ware

All but one of 135 apartments in the Fountain Gardens Apartment complex (57 Cooper Place) are rented by white families. The rent is $145 a month plus heat and utilities. It has five rooms and is very well kept up.

All 15 apartments at 773 Congress Ave. are rented to Negroes. There the rent is also $145 a month. A typical apartment has four rooms, but has not been painted for years. All the doors are missing from the cabinets. In a bathroom smaller than most closets, a bare lightbulb reveals the pans set to catch the water that leaks through the ceiling where the plaster has fallen.

The apartment building has no lawn or recreational area for the children living in it. Although the building has fifteen living units, there is no janitor. The hallways are so dark that one is in constant danger of tripping over the bottles and heaps of garbage strewn about.

Official Hypocrisy

The intransigent hypocrisy of New Haven Real Estate Agencies in collusion with state and local justice officials is largely responsible for this injustice.

The AIM **Newsletter** (Nov. 15, 1968) reported on the trial of Pearl Rosner, rental agent for Ross Realty, her conviction and some of the case's history. Mrs. Rosner was fined $100 for violating section 53-34 of the state statutes when she refused to rent an apartment at Fountain Gardens to Herbert Scott, a black man.

The conviction was in some ways encouraging but in most respects not very meaningful, because of the token nature of the sentence and the relative unimportance of the party convicted. Moreover, local justice officials, notably Chief Prosecutor Phillip Mancini, who did his best to prevent Mrs. Rosner's case from coming to trial, showed no interest at all in the case as a civil rights precedent.

Ineffective laws

Even though Martin and Henry Ross, owners of Ross Realty and the real culprits of the case, were arrested after Mrs. Rosner's trial on the initiative of Judge DiCenzo, there seems to be little reason to hope that any appreciable number of new cases will be brought to court under the state fair housing laws. Section 53-34 will probably fall back into its customary disuse. This is especially unfortunate: as the trial brought out, neither the conciliatory policy of the local Commission on Equal Opportunity (C.E.O.), nor the expensive procedure of bringing civil suit under the Federal Fair Housing law, provide very good channels for black people seeking fair housing. Criminal suits, however, brought under state law, where the state is the plaintif, could provide excellent channels, if they weren't rendered inoperative by officials like Mancini.

"Interested" Parties

Additional details about the original Rosner trial have since come to light.

Particularly interesting is the fact that Prosecutor Mancini owns real estate assessed at over $120,000 and situated in white neighborhoods. Across from his law office is a sign which reads "Mancini Realty Co." Mancini's reluctance to prosecute Mrs. Rosner and his laughing disclaimer about being a civil rights "crusader", are not hard to understand.

The poor coverage the **Register** gave Mrs. Rosner's trial is also interesting. Ross Realty is one of the paper's largest classified advertisers, and the reporting of the trial showed it.

After Pearl Rosner's trial, the charges against Henry and Martin Ross, the trial's only encouraging result, were lowered. Mancini was heard to say to one of his colleagues, "They got her for the maximum, and now they are trying to get Marty, but we are going to keep hands off." After talking and laughing with Mancini in the courtroom, the Ross brothers pleaded *nolo contendere* and were each fined $100.

F.H.A. Hedges

Although their sentences were totally insignificant, their convictions opened the way to more federal and state action, and several Vista volunteers immediately began to pressure for investigations by the Federal Housing Authority and the State Realty Commsision. One half of Fountain Gardens was built with an F.H.A. mortgage, and although the agency has seldom been concerned with discrimination, its mortgage stipulates that neither the owner of the building nor his agents can discriminate in renting apartments or disobey federal or state laws.

With the Ross brothers convicted, it became possible for the F.H.A. to sue for breach of contract. As of now the F.H.A. has demonstrated that it is incapable of handling the situation properly. Since Scott was denied any apartment in the complex, and not a specific one, the F.H.A. has been involved in irrelevant nit-picking as to whether Scott was refused an apartment in the half of the building covered by the mortgage or in the other half.

According to several reliable sources, the authority's initial investigation consisted of hiring the building superintendent, who is, of course, an empolyee of the owner, to make a survey of the tenants. This approach was questionable to say the least, and the Assistant Regional Director in New York City now heatedly denies that it took place at all. At any rate, the F.H.A. has yet to show that it is a formidible enemy of those who discriminate.

Commission Foiled

The State Realty Commission has had an entirely different attitude. It is empowered to invalidate the licenses of real estate agents who discriminate, and it seems eager to commence its investigation, but it has so far been rendered helpless by the lack of cooperation on the part of the local court and prosecutor's office.

Upon hearing of the Ross conviction, the Realty Commission immediately set a hearing for January 9, 1969, at which Pearl Rosner and Martin and Henry Ross were ordered to appear. On November 22, 1968 an investigator personally delivered to the Prosecutor's Office a letter requesting a copy of the trial transcript and a statement of the exact charges on which the Ross brothers were convicted.

On December 5, the commission repeated its request and was told that the transcript had still not been completed and that it would cost them $400 to obtain a copy. (The commission is $16,000 in the red this year.) On December 6, one of the investigators wrote to Judge DiCenzo asking if there were any possibility of receiving a free copy of the transcript and repeating the request for a statement of the charges against the Ross brothers. DiCenzo replied on December 9 that the commission must pay for the transcript, but that he would ask the Prosecutor's Office to send the statement.

Since the transcript was still not ready, the commission decided that it could continue with just the statement and the C.E.O records. (C.E.O. had Mrs. Rosner on file because Mr. Scott, plaintiff in the criminal case, had also notified the Commission of his complaint.) The State Realty Commission requested the records from C.E.O. only to discover that, "because of Mrs. Rosner's appeal," the records, which were not allowed as evidence in the original trial, had been subpoenaed by the Prosecutor's Office and couldn't be seen by anyone.

Now, three months after the original convictions, the commission has received neither the transcript, nor the statement of charges, nor the C.E.O. records, and Mancini refuses to answer any questions concerning Ross Realty.

Discrimination Continues

Meanwhile, the State Attorney General, apparently believing the Ross brothers to have been convicted on the same count as Mrs. Rosner, has submitted the opinion that the hearing should be postponed until after Mrs. Rosner's appeal, which comes to court early next summer. To top it all off, the commission has received a letter from Martin Ross' psychiatrist stating that Mr. Ross has had a mental breakdown because of the trial and is not fit to appear before any hearing.

At the end of the Rosner trial it seemed as though a real blow could be struck for integrated housing. The Ross brothers could have each been sentenced to a year in jail and a $1,000 fine, the owner of Fountain Gardens could have had his mortgage revoked, and Ross Realty's license could have been invalidated. Yet, because of the prosecutor's and court's hostility toward justice, discrimination has been discouraged with a hundred dollar fine.

And thanks to the Register, Martin Ross has been besieged with phone calls from people saying, 'I heard you know how to keep niggers out of apartments. Will you take mine?' At Ross Realty buisness is booming.

WITCHES, CONTINUED

have no right to force their ideas on 4000 of us!" "They're just a bunch of hippies."

One of us, acting as a kind of roving reporter, spoke to several young women after the panel discussion. They were enjoying themselves, and thought the "experts" had been helpful; (in fact, there had been a frenzied rush to speak to Miss Donovan during the intermission). One young woman, asked if she thought the panel had given quick answers to questions that should be decided on a more individual basis, in terms of the personalities involved, asserted that they had been good, general answers, probably suiting most of the women there.

We left during the psychedelic-rock fashion show by Paraphenalia, Inc., the most impressive of the events at the Fair. It was strange, however, to see Go-Go dancing for women by women.

Put Her in a Pumpkin Shell

The women attending the Bridal Fair did not see the day as one big advertizing gimmick, coaxing them to buy more with clever, hippie-culture posters and fashions and with give-aways to the few in order to sell to the many. After all, these women did choose to come, to fill out the application, to bring their mothers or friends, and to subject themselves to this advertizing in order to make the choices they thought so important in getting married.

Women contemplating marriage in our society are one of the least likely groups to feel oppressed; they feel fulfilled; they've been directed toward their wedding

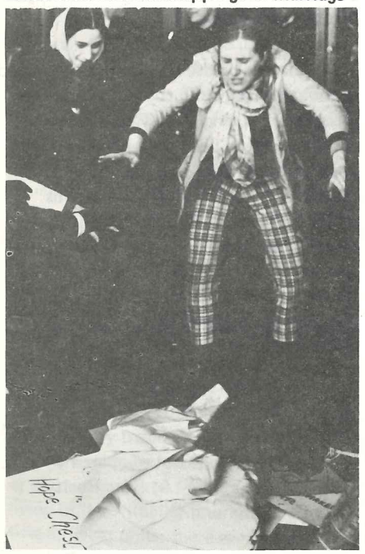
day for most of their lives, and they're high on the emotion of making it. Women who chose not to go to the Bridal Fair are possibly more receptive to the idea that they are bieng victimized by the business establishment in their role as the chief consumers in our society.

Which Witch will Watch Which Watch?

Of what use was the WITCH demonstration? It did succeed in making the sponsors of the Fair extremely nervous. Maybe they will hesitate to have another Bridal Fair. On the other hand, the women attending, on the whole, thought that *they*, not the Chase Manhattan Bank and friends, were being attacked.

The points of the demonstration generally were lost to them; they needed more clarification than was possible with signs or leaflets, with this one-day wxposure to women's liberation.

WITCHes hex the trappings of marriage



Note from the Newsletter Staff:

One photograph which accompanied the February 1 **Newsletter** article, "Women's Liberation"—the photo of women working in an office—was used without the permission of the women pictured. The **Newsletter** regrets this oversight. Although we usually discuss with people we photograph how their pictures will be used, it is not always possible to avoid misunderstandings.

An Irish Revolutionary

"FREEDOM I DESIRE" BY SUE, AGED 15 FROM CORK, AND HER TEACHER, AGE ? FROM CORK

FREEDOM I DESIRE:

FREEDOM FROM WHAT?

FREE FOR WHAT?

This is not needed here.

"Liberty" was one of the three aims of the French revolutionaries. This starving people wanted freedom from the oppression of an aristocracy which denied them equal rights. || Man will either revolt violently, or lie down and die under restriction of Freedom. In captivity man will consistantly try to gain freedom, no matter how hopeless it seems. ||

The revolutionary leaders were far from starving.

What is the relevance of this to the rest?

The French revolted, the Americans almost simultaneously and then the Irish. Now the negro in America. People without freedom are an explosive combination.) What is this? about?

Do you mean private property sense.

I desire freedom as an Irish citizen: Freedom from capitalism and retained colonialism. We perhaps consider ourselves free as Irish citizens but free from what? From British colonialism? It is now, we expect, gone forever. We are free but this colonialism remains under the surface. We still tend to be in awe at the English accent belonging to an Irish voice. The major in the local mansion is a very influential person to know. We retain our feelings of inferiority as a nation. The culture of other countries, music, art, clothes are all "in". We still think of ourselves as a peasant nation, an attitude which was instilled into our ancestors' minds by the English colonialists. Only now is there a real general awakening of the beauty of Irish culture and tradition. A dedicated handful have kept it barely alive up until recently.

Sense

How - what?

these are blank assertions! what evidence???

What do you mean??

Our own Government is riddled with capitalism.) What has happened to the ideals of the freedom fighters of 1916? Our ministers travel in black limousines while old men barely stagger, in worn shoes to the nearest hostel. Instead of starting at the beginning and getting equal rights and opportunities for her people, the Government gave subsidies to foreign companies. Perhaps these gave employment to a few, but education is the basis of every country. If only the rich can be educated at university, then high offices and top Government posts will be held only by the upper classes, and we are then under a capitalist state.) It is the implications of this capitalist state which restrict a poor man from sending his son to the school of his choice or further to university, although we are supposedly living under a democratic system. I can not accept these obvious contradictions and these are what I desire to be free from.

To whom? to what? why?

What is the alternative you have in mind?

Please define these terms Democracy, Capital, Capitalism, and decide how the use of them is at variance. Look up meanings of other terms marked above. Though I think the weakness is in thinking rather than in a lack of understanding of language. How much of this writing is echoed rather than first hand thinking?

LETTERS

To the Editor:

Between the time that I first saw New Haven and the time that I came here to live, the yellow trolley cars were replaced by blue busses. I followed a job here, but I definitely felt that here was a good place to live—even though I was not rich and didn't expect to be.

Here were the advantages of a city all within a half-hour's bus-ride of wild, natural parks such as East Rock and a few more minutes of beaches or real country with farms and woods. New Haven managed to be a city without being a prison.

Still, even in those days (1949-1952) if anyone had asked me, I could have pointed out several things that could have been done to make New Haven an even better place to live with pleasure and to entertain with pride.

1. Driving and parking downtown was a challenge—but still not beyond the abilities of a resourceful man. I would have suggesting building a few connecting streets and re-routing busses to by-pass the congested center.

2. A bridge was needed over the railroad to connect the two Boulevards.

3. The sewage-treatment system was out-of-date and over-loaded. New plants were needed.

4. The rivers flowing through New Haven—especially the Mill River—were the shame of an otherwise beautiful city. Industrial wastes were far more damaging than the untreated sewage.

5. New Haven needed scientifically-designed means to get rid of its rubbish and garbage without causing serious air pollution.

6. Too much of New Haven's population was living in one, two, or three-family houses—mostly wooden and therefore more likely to be fire-traps—each surrounded by a microscopic strip of grass too small to really enjoy. More people could have enjoyed more services and conveniences for less expense if the *worst* of the old small houses had been replaced by clean, solid apartment buildings alternated with playgrounds for children and adults

7. A mutual exclusiveness separated Yale from the rest of the community. Both could have gained much by more contact. For a starter Yale could have offered evening courses for teachers-in-service. Yale students could have studied social problems first-hand in the city.

8. Most of the problems—physical, economic, social, or whatever—were shared by several neighboring municipalities and should have been dealt through joint planning by representatives of the concerned towns and the state.

9. New Haven needed more good, clean beaches available to the general public. WhartonBrook, IndianWell, and Hammonasset were all good, but there should have been more cleaner, nearer.

10. New Haven needed a sidewalk cafe or at least a coffee-shop with a large plate-glass window overlooking the Green or some busy street where you could sit and watch the people coming, going, or passing.

Naturally your list of needed improvements, then or now, would not be exactly like mine, But using your list or mine, what have Mayor Lee and his associates achieved in fifteen years to make New Haven a better place to live, bring up children, or entertain friends from out of town for you and me who are not rich and don't expect to be? New Haven today is certainly different from New Haven before Lee. But say that it is no better is being kind to Mr. Lee.

Hundreds of slum-homes and slum-businesses have been domolished, but so have hundreds of good homes and businesses.

The housing shortage continues to get worse, so obviously more stress should be given to building instead of tearing down.

Four eight-lane highways bordered by acres of grass on which neither children nor dogs can play have cut massive swaths through what were once busy parts of the city and merge where one of the liveliest neighborhoods used to be.

Windowless monstrosities of non-architecture rise out of the desolation like cardboard bomb-shelters for the set of some science-fiction horror movie.

Traffic non-engineers have created a stupefying non-system of one-way bottlenecks apparently for the purpose of generating apoplexy in anyone who wants to move his car to any given point within a mile of the Green.

Mayor Lee *et al* are apparently so fond of their game of blight, bulldose, and bury that they want to carry it across the city-line into adjacent communities.

They want a regional jet-port in the MorrisCove-East Haven area. If they get it, kiss good-bye to all the shorehomes, all the beaches, and all the natural beauty that still survives between the Quinnipiac River and Branford.

Obviously all this destruction and all the patching over the wounds with concrete have cost several times what my modest suggestions would have cost. Friendly federal bureaucracy has paid a large part of the bill, but square miles of taxable city real estate has been bulldozed out of existence.

This all leads me to ask the following questions.

"What in the world motivates the voters of New Haven to keep re-electing Mayor Lee and his co-operating aldermen?"

"When are those voters in New Haven, who are aware of what is going on, going to get behind some candidate, who has the ability and the inclination to lead rather than to destroy a city—and the guts to run against this machine and send Mayor Lee and his whole gang of demolition experts into the retirement, which they have done so much to earn?"

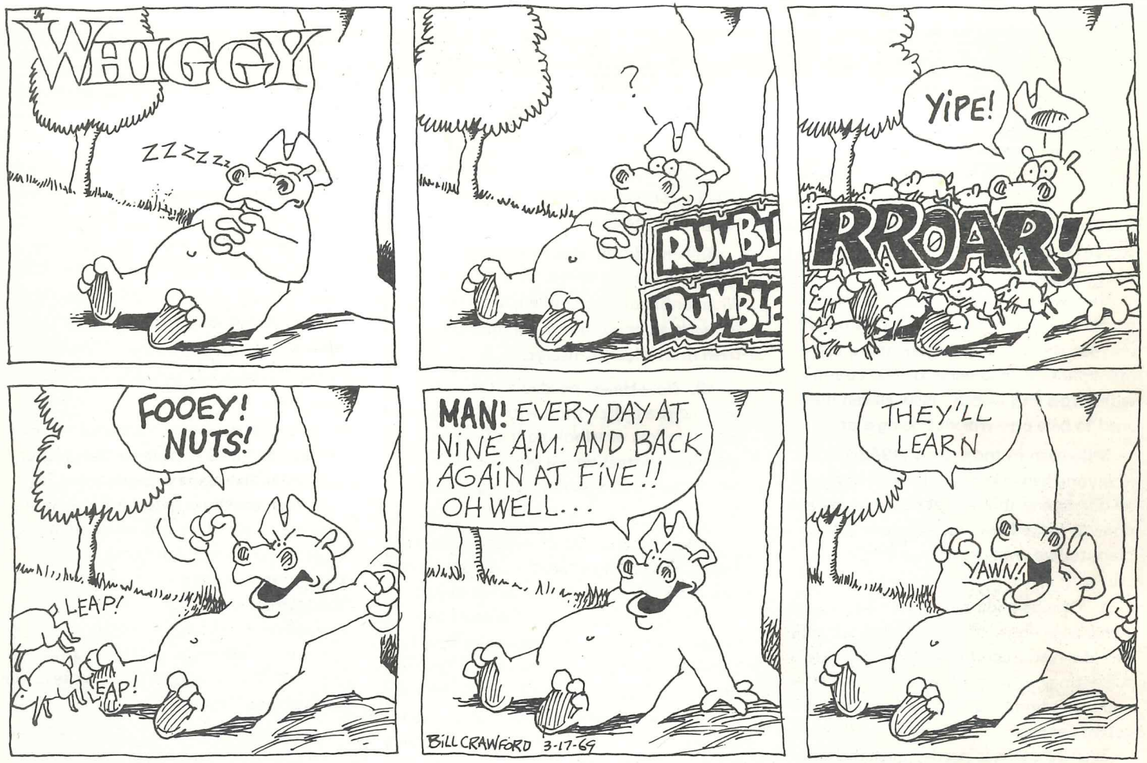
Sincerely,

Sylvan Green

To the Editor:

Joelle Dominski's article on Women's Liberation (**Newsletter**, 2/14/69) is a disgraceful defense of bourgeois reformism. The outlook of the article is narrow, because it places an attempt at reform above the struggle for the overthrow of capitalism and tries to conceal this by giving lip-service to Socialism (i.e., the antithesis of capitalism; the **only** alternative to capitalism) yet advocating the "let's get something now" attitude.

Miss Dominski gives her support to many proposals which any reactionary labor leader could campaign for with enthusiasm. "Equality with men in jobs and pay and for recognition and acceptance of special needs, such as maternity leaves," "day care centers, especially for children of working parents," replacement of programs that portray male superiority over women, and so on. "Women's liberation issues can provide for the *limited* liberation of women (!), and at the same time offer a concrete example of how the people of a capitalist society are divided arbitrarily..."



But what Miss Dominski ignores is the one fact learned through hard and bitter experience: one reform does not lead to "mass radicalization" as many would-be Socialists have suggested; one reform leads to another leads to another until, when conditions don't improve and a "revolutionary movement" doesn't appear, the reformer becomes cynical and disillusioned.

According to the article, the New Haven Women's Liberation claims to recognize that "under the present system women will never be permitted to be equal and active political decision-makers." But "a change in the economic and social structure of our society will not necessarily liberate women." NHWL is therefore combatting "the problem now, within the limitations of the present system, while, simultaneously, many of us work within AIM to change the system in other ways."

Norman Thomas could not have said it better.

If the NHWL wants to get rid of capitalism, why, may I ask, are they working "to change the system"? Probably because they are not concerned with overthrowing capitalism but with reforming it. In that case, Miss Dominski might be an aide to President Nixon and the rest of the capitalist class. I'm sure she'd make a good capitalist in Congress.

The Socialist Labor Party, which, despite the cries of "dogmatic" and "doctrinaire" from opportunists and reformers, has been fighting not for reforms or other gimmicks but for the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of Socialism, is the only Socialist organization in the field which has not changed its policy according to what's "in" with the "radical" set or current leftist attitudes. I suggest Miss Dominski, and anyone else who really wants Socialism, look into it.

Yours for the Revolution,

Paul Sandahl

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